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The Finer Things of Life

PHILOSOPHY makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men.—*Fielding*.

I never weary of great churches. It is my favourite kind of mountain scenery.—*R. L. Stevenson*.

Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind.—*Burke*.

To be of no church is dangerous.—*Johnson*.

I conceive that priests are extremely like other men, and neither the better nor the worse for wearing a gown or a surplice.—*Lord Chesterfield*.

“Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem.” *Zeph. 3: 14*.

Think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ.—*Henry Van Dyke*.

Don't wait for some work to turn up, but go and turn up some work! You may work without praying, but you can't pray without working.—*Hudson Taylor*.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an “honest man.”—*George Washington*.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—*Goldsmith*.

Each of us may be sure that if God sends us on stony paths He will provide us with strong shoes, and will not send us out on any journey for which He does not equip us well.—*Alexander Maclaren*.

I shall not be in danger of greed, selfishness, hatred, worry, low appetites, if my ruling desire is to know and to do God's will.—*W. L. Watkinson*.

He that shall collect all the moral rules of the philosophers, and compare them with those contained in the New Testament, will find them to come short of the morality delivered by our Saviour and taught by His apostles.—*Locke*.

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Editorial Comment

Passing Years

ONE year followeth another, even as "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." Because human nature remains the same, we are all too prone to forget the lessons of the past, and so miss the opportunities of the present and fail to make proper preparation for the known certainties of the future. We go over life's road but once, and no matter how much we might desire to do so, we can never go back and live life over again or change the record that has been made. The old year, 1922, is gone forever; but a brand-new year, 1923, is before us, and through the grace of God the guilt of past sins may be covered by the blood of the sinless Jesus, and we may start a new life with the new year. The abundance of New Year's resolutions is an eloquent testimony to the fact that most people have a hungering for something better in life than they have already experienced. This can be none other than the enmity against sin implanted by God in every human heart from the days of the sin of our first parents in Eden, and the short life of the major part of the good resolutions is a further testimony that the flesh in itself is weak.

Without the Spirit of God, which is only imparted through the gospel, humanity has never found power to realize the standards of right living that are recognized and accepted. It is not so necessary to tell men that they are sinners as to tell them how to stop sinning. The

Lord Jesus received into the heart as a personal Saviour is the one and only remedy for sin and sinning. Brooding over past failures and sorrows is as useless as that other folly of crossing bridges before we come to them. Our great responsibilities are always in the present. Yesterday we cannot recall, and tomorrow we never reach; but "now is the accepted time; . . . now is the day of salvation." Even the question, "How shall I stand in the judgment?" is not so important as, "How do I stand now before God?"

In the strength of youth the judgment day seems a long way off. At thirty, one is likely to be intent upon the ambitions of his career. At forty he sees the almost unbroken line of men rounding out half a century. And still there seems to be plenty of time. At fifty he sees plenty of vigorous men of sixty; and so it goes, until finally the thought creeps in that it is too late. Today is never too late to yield to God. The requirements of Christianity are

Neddy's New Year

A LITTLE form came floating in
And paused by Neddy's bed;
"I'm half afraid to speak to you,
And yet I must," it said;
"I'm your New Year—and oh, I wish
I didn't have to be!
Because I've met outside the door
Your last Old Year, you see.

"He looked so weak and tired and sad,
And carried such a pack
Of angry words and foolish scrapes
Upon his weary back!
'Don't, don't go in!' he cried to me;
'For though you're young and strong,
That boy will make you just the wreck
That I am now, erelong!"

"He stumbled on, with sigh and groan.
I could not take, alas,
His wise advice, for come I must
Before the hour should pass.
But, oh, if you would only try
A different plan with me,
I'm sure you'd be surprised to find
How happy we could be!"

Ned blushed; he knew the words were true.
"I'll try!" he murmured low;
And when once Neddy says a thing,
He means it, too, you know.
Quarrels and scrapes were put aside,
The year was free and glad,
And Ned vowed, "'Twas the happiest year
A fellow ever had."

—Priscilla Leonard.



The late Rev. William Briggs, D.D. Dr. Briggs, one of the outstanding figures in the Methodist Church in Canada for more than half a century, was born in County Down, Ireland, was educated in Liverpool, and died near Toronto in November, 1922, at the age of eighty-six years.

not such as to interfere in any way with our usefulness or our happiness in this world. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 6: 8.

Sin is a delusion. Its pleasures are shortlived, and "the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." Make the most of your opportunities in 1923. Lay hold on eternal life.

God's Tenth

THE following editorial from the *Christian Guardian* of April 26, 1922, is worthy of study:

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"The pastor of a certain Methodist church asked his congregation to promise him that on a given Sunday they would bring to the church's altar the tithe of their incomes during the week. The members were struck by the novelty of the request and 142 out of 875 members agreed to make the experiment. A good many were frankly sceptical of the result, and a number were positive that the result would be much less than the pastor expected. One man said he was out of a job, but he agreed to give a tithe if he had any income to tithe.

"The Sunday came, and instead of the usual \$175 they had an offering of almost \$800. After deducting one large tithe, the rest averaged nearly \$4.00 per tithe. To most of the congregation this was a revelation, meaning as it did that if the 142 continued to tithe, the yearly offering of these tithers alone would reach over \$40,000, while if the whole church tithed, the annual offering would reach \$200,000. Fifty of these one-week tithers became at once regular tithers, and the church generally had an object lesson which it could not easily forget.

"Could not short-time tithing be tried out here and there just to show the people what it would mean to the church? There exists in many minds the impression that the offerings of the church are really liberal, and an experiment of this kind, wisely conducted, may be a genuine revelation. In this case, assuming that the pastor was right in his assumption that the rest of the 875 members had an income five times as great as the 142 who tithed, it would mean that the weekly income of those church members was about \$40,000, and out of this they contributed regularly about \$175 for ordinary church purposes, or less than one half of 1 per cent. Or looking at it from another point of view, these 875 members paid regularly to the church just twenty cents per capita every week, or a little less than three cents a day. It is probable that if we counted special offerings and included all the different local and connexional givings, the average would be considerably increased, but the fact remains that in very many cases, our contributions to the church of God bear no relation at all to our prosperity or our assured income. In most cases, our religious giving has never been put on a really business basis. This should not be. The church has a right to better at our hands. What would a week's tithe show in your church?"



Archbishop of Canterbury Dedicating the First Motor Mission Church

Tithing tends to liberality and not to poverty. The little Seventh-day Adventist denomination adopted, at the very beginning of its organized existence, the tithing system. They accept it and press it upon the consciences of their members, just as they do the observance of the Sabbath, as the inspired plan of God for His people under the gospel. The result has been such a remarkable liberality in free-will offerings to missions by the Seventh-day Adventists above and outside of the tithe as to make them a marvel in the eyes of the older denominations, and there is no evidence that Seventh-day Adventists are any poorer either spiritually or financially because of this literal acceptance of the word of God.

From the Seventh-day Adventist statistical report for 1921 we glean the following items:

The total membership of the Seventh-day Adventist Church Dec. 31, 1921, was 198,088. The total funds raised by the denomination during 1921 was \$9,202,411.89, an average per capita for the year of \$46.46. Of this sum the 98,715 members in North America contributed 78.59 per cent, and the 99,373 in countries outside of North America contributed 21.41 per cent. The offering, per capita, of members in North America was, in round figures, \$68, in Australia \$66, in Europe \$11, in Asia \$11, in South America \$20, in Africa \$32. The amount raised for missions was more than one half the entire sum, the tithe reported being \$4,237,745.31.

It is much better to err on the side of over-literal interpretation of God's word than to drift into materialism. It would be a revelation to many Christians if they should take a concordance and read all the references to the tithe in both the Old and the New Testament.

Constantinople and the Dardanelles

THE following article from *Saturday Night* of Nov. 11, 1922, tersely sums up one of the most remarkable series of events in history. Those who believe that "God rules in the

kingdom of men," or that He has anything at all to do with the rise and fall of nations, will be especially interested in the article on page 10, by F. W. Stray, entitled "Constantinople and the Near East in Prophecy."

"Many Battles for Constantinople"

"A city so placed, and drawing to itself its tribute of the riches of the world, is in an exposed position, an object of the conqueror's desire. It has been taken



William A. Spicer, of Washington, D. C., President of the General Conference of Seventh-day Adventists. He is descended from a line of faithful Seventh Day Baptist ancestors. From his birth he has observed the Seventh-day Sabbath, and in early youth accepted the Adventist view with reference to prophecy and the second coming of Christ. He has served as a missionary in many capacities and has visited Adventist missions in all parts of the world, having been for more than twenty years secretary of the Seventh-day Adventist Foreign Missions Board. During the war he risked his life over and over again, passing through submarine-infested waters, to give encouragement and comfort to lone missionaries at outposts in distant parts of the world. His eldest daughter, Mrs. Dr. John N. Andrews, has for a number of years been the faithful helper of her husband in their mission on the borders of Tibet.



Thomas D'Arcy McGee, famous Irish orator and a noted figure in Canadian politics, who was assassinated at Ottawa in 1868 by a member of his own nationality. By his outspoken loyalty he incurred the vicious enmity of the Fenians and their sympathizers, by whom he was hunted down and slain. His cowardly murder, like most crimes of its character, recoiled strongly against those by whom it was planned and executed.

centuries tried four times to take it; and inasmuch as neither human nature nor geography undergoes much alteration, whoever holds Constantinople must look out for the Russian. It was believed that a statue in one of the squares was inscribed with a prophecy that Russia should one day be master of Constantinople, and this encouraged Russian hope. That hope still lives, supported to some degree by a sort of legal claim arising out of the marriage of a Prince of Moscow with an heiress of the Eastern Empire. As in many cases of the sort, it is largely a matter of getting possession; but the present tenants are hard to evict, and the neighbours will not help."

It is generally recognized that the prophet Daniel, under divine inspiration, outlined in advance the course of Babylon, Medo-Persia, ancient Greece, and Rome, and it is hardly reasonable to suppose that no mention would be made in prophecy of the fate of such a strategic point as Constantinople. The territory joining Europe and Asia has ever been, and probably ever will be, a prime objective of all who have any ambition for world empire.

What Is the Matter with Ireland?

RECENTLY, many friends of Ireland and Irish freedom, in America and elsewhere, have been obliged to close their mouths and cover their faces with shame at the spectacle of Irish murder gangs ambushing and murdering fellow-Irishmen and bringing upon themselves reprisals in the most barbarous and hideous form. Both in and out of Ireland the loss of world sympathy for Irish aspirations has been recognized.

many times. It was taken by the Persians and the Spartans, by Alcibiades, Lysander, Alexander, Septimius Severus, and Constantine. After Constantine, its emperors presided, with the majesty of Augustus, over the dying Roman Empire. Probably they did not hasten its fall; more likely they kept life in it long after its normal time to die. They had their proportion of great men, and sometimes the name of a Comnenus or a Palæologus is almost fit to shine with those of some of the Western Cæsars. They had a hard part to play. Through the Middle Ages civilization was not rising for them; it was going down, authority was weakening, the barbarian was coming closer every decade.

"There was a lively trade in the ninth and tenth centuries, and before, between the Russians and the Mediterranean world, through Constantinople. A fleet of rude boats annually visited it with slaves, furs, honey and wax, hides; and returned with wine and oil, Indian spices and Greek manufactures, to the enrichment of the brokers and warehousemen serving this profitable business. But the Russians coveted the riches of the city even then, and within two



Travellers in Ireland walking from train to train over a bridge damaged by Irregular forces—rebels against the Free State government.

The editor of the London *Times* of Oct. 12, 1922, says:

"No political pretext serves to conceal the greed and savage revenge that are exploiting the general anarchy. Where the Republicans are strong every restraint of morality or even of humanity has gone. Generalizations in regard to Ireland are seldom accurate. Districts vary strangely in accordance with the temper of the inhabitants, the influence of local leaders, and the experience they have had of the National forces or of the Irregulars. It is clear, nevertheless, that, whether in acute or comparatively slight degree, every district in Ireland is suffering from essentially the same malady. With the passing of the normal sanctions of order, civilization

appeal to Rome, but this would necessarily involve delay, and in the meantime the deadly fratricidal strife will continue.

"After all, to the outsider the continuance of the bitter struggle seems natural enough. When Irishmen were killing other Irishmen the *Hierarchy* remained silent because those other Irishmen were in the employ of the British Government, and it is easy for the Republicans to reason that if rebellion was holy, or at least excusable, a year ago, it can hardly be grievously wrong today. At any rate this is the attitude of the Republicans, and apparently they number some Roman priests in their ranks."—*Saturday Night, Nov. 15, 1922.*

The thing that is at the very heart of Ire-



An old picture of Ottawa jail. The cross shows the spot where Whelan, D'Arcy McGee's murderer, was hanged.

began rapidly to disintegrate. The symptoms of that fatal process are everywhere the same, and all of them have recently been observable in Ireland."

The *Irish Hierarchy*, in its pastoral letter of October 10, laments:

"Our country that but yesterday was so glorious is now a byword before the nations for a domestic strife as disgraceful as it is criminal and suicidal."

"The Republicans are condemned unsparingly, and the pastoral says:

"Forgetting, apparently, that a dead nation cannot be free, they have deliberately set out to make our motherland, as far as they could, a heap of ruins. They have wrecked Ireland from end to end, burning and destroying national property of enormous value, breaking roads, bridges, and railways, seeking by this insensate blockade to starve the people or bury them in social stagnation. They have caused more damage to Ireland in three months than could be laid to the charge of British rule in so many decades."

"And the *Hierarchy* points out that all who persist in such things 'may not be absolved in confession, nor admitted to Holy Communion.'

"But so far as reports go the pastoral letter has gone unheeded. There seems to be a move on foot to

land's trouble and sorrow is a bigoted spirit of intolerance such as has not marred any other portion of the modern Anglo-Saxon world. Such an exhibition of savagery is the outgrowth of generations of narrow, misguided religious teachings. Murder is not to be justified under any pretext, whether the guilty parties be Ulsterites, Free Staters, or Republicans.

We quote another editorial comment on the deplorable situation:

"A war of reprisals is the most hideous form of civil war. The government may find it necessary to execute indiscriminately the leaders of Free State and Republican murder gangs before the orgy of assassination in Ireland ends. The leaders of the Irish government are reaping the whirlwind that was inevitable after the years spent by them in teaching the youth of their country that the killing of unsuspecting travellers or of men dragged from their beds and slain without trial in the presence of wives or mothers was legitimate warfare. It may take all the strength of the government to put down assassination, and in the effort to do so some of the members of the Ministry may themselves become

the victims of murder gangs, but unless the attempt is made, self-government in Ireland is impossible. No ordered civilization can ever be founded upon 'the wild justice of revenge.'—*The Globe*.

Wherever any religious sect lacks the incentive of healthy competition the community is bound to become intolerant, and un-Christian in practice, especially in meeting opposition. Jesus was mobbed and murdered by a fanatically religious people, urged on by their teachers. The unbelieving Jews stirred up "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who assaulted Paul and Silas in the house of Jason, even as the worshippers of Diana mobbed the apostles in Ephesus. The Puritans persecuted the Baptists in New England, and a pioneer of Methodism in Canada, James McCarty, was hounded to death by members of older Christian orders in the Bay of Quinte district, in Ontario.

It seems hard for humanity to learn that righteousness and liberty are never promoted by intolerance. Until Irishmen get together and drop the feuds that for hundreds of years have withered and blasted a naturally generous people, it is mockery to talk of Irish unity or of Irish freedom, and those who persist in the effort to establish unity on the basis of religious monopoly will not be able to escape their share of condemnation for the results.

"Twelve-Foot Davis"

ALMOST every visitor to Peace River has seen the monument high up on the point overlooking the town, where the Smoky plunges into the great Peace. "Twelve-foot Davis" was not a giant physically, but he received this name because all over the Northland waters, where he was widely known, he travelled in a twelve-foot boat. Col. James K. Cornwall, when he was earning his title, "Peace River Jim," met and formed a close friendship with the older man. The pals, despite the disparity in their ages, confronting perils and death daily, and making a jest of death, formed a Damon and Pythias attachment. As Cornwall laughingly explained to a friend, "We

had little but our lives to lose at that time."

One day Davis, looking up toward the towering rock-ribbed point, remarked, "Jim, there's a mighty fine place to rest when we check out—a mighty fine place to wait for the judgment day—a powerful fine place." The pals shook hands. It was a pact. Years later Peace River Jim was called upon to make good. Davis died in the dead of winter on Great Slave Lake, six hundred miles from his chosen burial place. The dying man said to an Indian, "Tell Peace River Jim." Cornwall never hesitated. With his dogs he went with the Indian, and weeks later he returned to Peace River Crossing with the frozen body of Twelve-foot Davis lashed to his sled. He placed the mortal remains of his old pal in the rocky tomb jutting out over the eagles' nest, and later caused the monument to be erected and the epitaph to be inscribed.

The Indians regard the spot with great superstitious reverence, and they tell many weird stories of communication with the spirits with which their imagination has peopled the romantic atmosphere of the mountain and its shrine. The granite shaft stands like a sentinel of the rapidly advancing civilization. It can be seen for many miles.

Leaving the Edmonton, Dunvegan, and British Columbia Railroad at the town of Peace River in the valley below the mountain, one may travel in summer by steamer for hundreds of miles down the river as it flows on its way toward Great Slave Lake and the Arctic Ocean through a country of wonderful resources and possibilities; or crossing the river, he may travel eastward and northward through a sparsely settled but exceedingly fertile country. With the coming of better transportation, market facilities, etc., a prosperous agricultural population, with its attendant towns and cities, will occupy this great north country which but a few years ago was known only to the Indians, the Hudson's Bay Company traders, and a few other such adventurous white pioneers as "Twelve-foot Davis."



Tomb of "Twelve-foot Davis," on the mountain overlooking Peace River, Alta. The epitaph reads: "H. P. Davis, born in Vermont, 1820; died at Great Slave Lake, 1893. Pathfinder, pioneer, miner, and trader, he was every man's friend, and never locked his cabin door."

POISONING DEMOCRACY

(Fourth Article)

Applied Socialism

GEORGE McCREADY PRICE



PROBABLY there never was an age in the history of mankind when there was such a widespread tendency to revolt against all restraining rules of conduct, whether governmental, social, or divine. This tendency seems to be in the very blood of the present generation, whether in America, in England, or in Russia. However, the Bible accounts for this widespread tendency of revolt and lawlessness, by saying that man naturally, without the influences of religion, "is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." In fact, anarchism and atheism are twins, merely two sides of the same whole; for anarchism is a hatred of and revolt against all human authority or restraint, just as atheism is a revolt against divine authority. But how long could a community or a nation or a world exist if all were to adopt and put into actual practice the teachings of anarchism and atheism?

James Anthony Froude has given us words of warning which are very appropriate for study in our day:

"Chemistry cannot tell us why some food is wholesome and other food is poisonous. That food is best for us which best nourishes the body into health and strength; and a belief in a supernatural Power which has given us a law to live by and to which we are responsible for our conduct, has alone, of all the influences known to us, succeeded in ennobling and elevating the character of man."—*Bunyan*, p. 180.

David Hume will not be accused of undue bias toward Christianity. And yet he declared:

"Disbelief in futurity loosens in a great measure the ties of morality, and may be for that reason pernicious for the peace of civil society."

A multitude of quotations of this order might be brought forward. We shall content ourselves with one more, this time from Ernest Renan, another man not especially noted for his orthodoxy:

"The day in which the belief in an after-life shall vanish from the earth, will witness a terrific moral and spiritual decadence."

We need not be told that the day here spoken

of is now upon us. Belief in an after-life has indeed almost vanished from the earth; and there is no doubt that the widespread acceptance of the evolution doctrine is chiefly responsible for this condition. Nor yet is there any way to evade the fact that Socialists of one grade or another have always been the chief preachers and evangelists of this doctrine. We have already remarked that Socialism is simply the economic phase of the evolution doctrine. Hence, although we may not regard Renan as an inspired prophet, we shall not find it difficult to account for the "terrific moral and spiritual decadence" which is so characteristic of our times.

Socialists are in the habit of sneering at such quotations as I have given above as merely the rantings of "capitalist morality;" but such an attitude is silly and narrow. The verdict of history is unanimous that civilization in any form worth preserving cannot exist without high ideals of personal morality on the part of its citizens, and that such high ideals of morality cannot be fostered or cannot long exist apart from a belief in a future life, or apart from a belief in our responsibility to our Creator for the way in which we spend the life we now have.

The words of Burke come home to us with new force in view of such developments as we see taking place, not only in Russia, but in Western Europe and America:

"Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere; and the less there is of it within, the more there must be without."

It would not be sufficient to emblazon these noble words on the walls of every legislative chamber throughout the world; they need rather to be enshrined in the minds of the common people themselves. For of all the forms of society, a democracy, a rule of the people, is most utterly dependent upon the individual morality of its citizenry; and without a self-governing morality among the rank and file of its people a democracy must inevitably soon

degenerate into the condition described by Colton:

"A society composed of none but the wicked could not exist; it contains within itself the seeds of its own destruction, and, without a flood, would be swept away from the earth by the deluge of its own iniquity."

Theodore Roosevelt has well expressed the consequences of such a system:

"On the social and domestic side doctrinaire Socialism would replace the family and home life by a glorified state free-lunch counter and state founding asylum, deliberately enthroning self-indulgence as the ideal, with, on its darker side, the absolute abandonment of all morality between man and woman; while in place of what Socialists are pleased to call 'wage slavery' there would be created a system which would necessitate either the prompt dying out of the community through sheer starvation, or an iron despotism over all workers, compared to which any slave system of the past would seem beneficent, because less utterly hopeless."—*The Outlook*, March 20, 1909.

But how far are we away from such a condition of society? And how long will it take for the slight remaining restraints of religion and old-fashioned morality to be cast completely aside? But of all the causes tending to hasten this awful day, of the causes which are taking off the brakes and greasing the rails for humanity's final plunge into the perdition of social chaos, the chief is the doctrine, taught by Socialists and other advocates of the evolution doctrine, that there is no fixed and unchangeable standard of right and wrong.

The Coming Slavery

Herbert Spencer once wrote a very trenchant essay against the Socialism of his time; and the title which he chose for this essay crystallizes his whole indictment, for he entitled it "The Coming Slavery."

This indictment was directed against the Socialist picture of an all-powerful state, which was to control all the means of production, and all the channels of distribution, communication, and publicity. In such a state the mere individual would have no rights which the majority was bound to respect. And it was a dread of this all-powerful state machine, a huge modern Juggernaut, which might crush out the liberty of the individual,—it was the dread of such an idea which has caused so widespread a revolt against these older and more logical teachings of orthodox Marxism.

Anarchism and syndicalism, including the movement in America known as the I. W. W. and the "one big union" idea, are the chief related movements which have grown out of International Socialism. All of these movements are more individualistic than Marxism

was originally, and they emphasize the revolt against the scheme of state Socialism against which Herbert Spencer wrote his essay on "The Coming Slavery." We may briefly glance at the distinctive features of these various movements.

Anarchism, or Anarchistic Communism, is a widespread movement throughout the Latin countries of Europe, and is opposed to every kind of forcible government. "It has arisen," says Bertrand Russell, "mainly within the Socialist movement as its extreme left wing."

I quote again from this author, who is quite sympathetic with its general views:

"Anarchists object to such institutions as the police and the criminal law, by means of which the will of one part of the community is forced upon another part. In their view, the democratic form of government is not very enormously preferable to other forms, so long as minorities are compelled by force or its potentiality to submit to the will of majorities."—*Proposed Roads to Freedom*, p. 33, 1919.

A Fundamental Error

With all such people it seems to be a cardinal idea that man is naturally good, that all he needs is a fair chance, and his evil and unlovely characteristics will drop off like the shell from the developing chick. In their view, the chief agency which has tended to develop mankind in the wrong direction has been *fear*,—fear of God first and primarily, and then fear of the state. And as they have already shaken off the first of these dread spectres, they are now chiefly concerned with getting rid of the last of the sources which have warped the development of mankind. When all dread of any external force exercised by government or by external society has been at last completely removed, then only, according to their view, will mankind be free to develop in a wholesome and natural way. . . .

Anarchists entirely agree with Marxian Socialists in accepting the general theories of Karl Marx, including the materialistic interpretation of history and the class war. But they are more generally and openly atheistic; whereas modern Socialism, in spite of the fact that all its great leaders and founders have been avowed atheists, and that its teachings of economic determinism leave absolutely no room for Christianity, has of late tried to minimize the differences between it and the Christian religion.

The anarchist attitude toward government is well stated by Russell:

"The economic organization of society, as conceived by Anarchist Communists, does not differ greatly from that which is sought by Socialists. Their difference

from Socialists is in the matter of government: they demand that government shall require the consent of all the governed, and not only of a majority. It is undeniable that the rule of a majority may be almost as hostile to freedom as the rule of a minority; the divine right of majorities is a dogma as little possessed of absolute truth as any other. A strong democratic state may easily be led into oppression of its best citizens, namely, those whose independence of mind would make them a force for progress."—*Op. cit.*, p. 54.

The name which stands at the beginning of anarchism, occupying a place similar to that of Karl Marx in orthodox Socialism, is that of Michel Bakunin (1814-1876), who belonged to an aristocratic Russian family. The fierce volcanic wrath of Bakunin was directed during the greater part of his life against the two great evils, as he regarded them, the belief in God, and in the idea of the state as the regulator of society. In his eyes these were the two great obstacles to human liberty. And the irreconcilable enmity with which he fought these two ideas may be judged by Bertrand Russell's remark that, amid the debilitating effects of confinement in a Russian prison, Bakunin's chief fear was that he might sometime be so subdued as to cease to hate. In one of his addresses to the International, before he was expelled from it, he declared:

"The beginning of the lies that have ground down this poor world in slavery,—is God. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God. Until this is done you will never know what freedom is. The first lie is God. The second lie is the idea of right. And when you have freed your minds from the fear of God and from the childish respect for right, then all the remaining chains that bind you,—called civilization, property, marriage, morality, justice,—will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your own law. You must accustom yourself to destroy everything, the so-called good with the bad. For if an atom of the old world remains, the new one will never be created. Take heed that no ark be allowed to rescue any atom of this old world which we consecrate to destruction."

Note the contrast between the statement from Burke and the quotation from Bakunin, wherein the latter declares that the first great lie is God, and the second lie is the idea of right; wherein he charges his hearers to tear out of their hearts both of these ideas, and to let their own happiness be their own law. There is no comparison to be made between these two philosophies, that of Burke and that of Bakunin. It is all contrast. The one is the Christian view of civil government and social life, the other is the anarchist view of these same associations. And in the mind of every normal human being merely to state the two doctrines is to express unanswerable arguments in favour of the first and against the second. . . .

Never until these last days did mankind see

nihilism and anarchy seriously set up as a religio-political fetish.

Democracy and Respect for Law

Well may we thank God that we live under the democracy of America, and that behind us lie a thousand years of Anglo-Saxon constitutionalism, the recognition of those eternal principles of right and justice which antedate all legislative enactments and precede all written constitutions.

The men who produced this nation and made it great, and all the greatest men whom this nation has produced, alike recognized the religion of the Bible and the morality of the Bible's religion as the only safeguard against the evils of civil and religious despotism. In our day we have outlived any pressing danger from kings and kaisers; the doctrine of the divine right of kings committed *hara-kiri* in Belgium some seven years ago. But today we are confronted with an equally dangerous doctrine, the doctrine of the divine right of the crowd. The rule of the crowd, of the Soviet, fired with Bolshevik or anarchist doctrines, is the new tyranny with which all the world must soon reckon; and no nation is safe from the infection of the propaganda so industriously circulated everywhere in the interests of this new tyranny, unless the people of the nation continue to recognize the ideals of the Bible and of the Christian religion as supreme over any caprice of the mob and wiser and more obligatory than its most deliberately expressed will.

Kings and kaisers, priests and popes, were at one time dangerous to our liberties, but only because they refused to acknowledge the law of God and the word of God as still above them. And when the last despot had been dethroned, there would still remain this one source of authority above even the caprice of the mob, or the vote of the majority,—the authority of God's word and of His law. But when this, too, is repudiated; when the blessed lessons taught by the Christian's Bible no longer control the lives or speak to the consciences of the people; when the proletariat deliberately undertake to follow the advice of Bakunin and the Bolsheviks: "Let your own happiness be your own law;" and when they have effectually freed their minds "from the fear of God and the childish respect for right;" or when the philosophers of the world, its intellectual leaders, abandon themselves to a Bergsonian *elan vital*, which amounts to about the same thing;—may heaven pity a nation or a world abandoned to such a mad philosophy.

Constantinople and the Near East in Prophecy

FREDERICK W. STRAY

such an ungrateful course, arranged a treaty with Russia, withdrawing objection to Russia's centuries-old desire for possession of Constantinople, as an inducement for her to continue prosecution of the war by the side of England and France.

War and Politics Make Strange Bedfellows

The truth about Turkey is stranger than fiction, and seems more unreal than any "Arabian Nights" dream. On the Crimean Peninsula, from 1853-56, the armies of England and France helped the Turk to prevent Russia from taking Constantinople. On the Gallipoli Peninsula in 1916-17 the armies of England and France fought the Turk in order to give Constantinople to Russia. But as the help of England and France prevented Russia from taking the city in 1856, so the help of Germany and Austria prevented Constantinople from being given to Russia in 1917.

In the past Russia has always been against Turkey, while in turn every other first-class European power has at some time helped Turkey to hold her capital. As a sequence to the World War settlement, Constantinople was occupied by Allied troops, and lay under the guns of the British fleet. Turkish Nationalists objected to this Allied occupation of their capital, recruited their armies, and receiving both open and secret help from France, have driven the Greeks from Asia Minor and have reoccupied much of their European territory—events which cannot help but revive popular interest in the prophecy in the book of Daniel.

Now "I will show thee that which is noted in the Scripture of truth" (Dan. 10: 21):

"But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him: therefore he shall go forth with great



A TURKISH GRAVEYARD

It is said that there is a tradition among the Turks that some day they will be driven out of Europe, and consequently many Turks who have died in Constantinople have been taken by friends and buried on Asiatic soil, that their bones might not be trampled over by the infidels after Mohammedan rule in Europe had ended.

R. LLOYD GEORGE said some months before his resignation, that the treaty of Sevres had been scrapped. Subsequent events now make it evident to all the world that he told the truth. While England has always execrated Turkish atrocities, she has for a century helped Turkey to maintain her position on the Straits and to retain possession of Constantinople. It has been the design of Russia ever since the reign of Peter the Great, to take possession of Constantinople, and thus assure a warm-water outlet for Russian commerce. It was the armies of England and France that prevented the realization of Russia's ambition at the time of the Crimean War.

In the grand scheme of the Central Empires for world control, they at first adopted a policy of peaceable penetration in order to get control of Constantinople and Asia Minor. And when Germany had launched her offensive, and it seemed to many that she might succeed in her aim, Turkey forsook her old protectors, England and France, and allied herself with the Central Empires. England, exasperated at

fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many. And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." Dan. 11:44, 45.

Can it be proved that this is a prophecy of the end of Turkish dominion? We shall present the evidence and leave the reader to judge.

The prophecy begins sometime during the history of Medo-Persia:

"Now will I show thee the truth. Behold, there shall stand up yet three kings in Persia; and the fourth shall be far richer than they all: and by his strength through his riches he shall stir up all against the realm of Grecia. And a mighty king shall stand up, that shall rule with great dominion, and do according to his will. And when he shall stand up, his kingdom shall be broken, and shall be divided toward the four winds of heaven; and not to his posterity, nor according to his dominion which he ruled: for his kingdom shall be plucked up, even for others beside those." Verses 2-4.

Clearly the fourth king of Persia, "far richer than they all," was Xerxes, who stirred up all his realm against Grecia; and just as clearly the mighty king who should rule the world, and leave no posterity to inherit his crown, and whose kingdom should be divided into four, was Alexander the Great. After the death of Alexander, the Grecian Empire was divided by his four leading generals, Cassander, Lysimachus, Seleucus, and Ptolemy, into four parts,—east, west, north, and south,—the first three of which were shortly afterward united in one kingdom, the kingdom of the north, Egypt remaining the king, or kingdom, of the south. In the breaking up of the Roman Empire, the Mohammedans gained possession of the Holy Land, and finally of Constantinople and considerable portions of Eastern Europe—the kingdom of the north—in 1453, to which, with varying fortunes and shrinking geographical boundaries, Turkey has held ever since.

Hereafter in the prophecy, the king of the south and the king of the north are terms applying to Egypt in the south, and to the power ruling in what was the northern portion of the dominion of Alexander's empire, namely Asia Minor and Thrace. Space forbids our tracing the whole world prophecy of Daniel 11, and we shall come directly to verse 40:

"At the time of the end shall the king of the south push at him: and the king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots, and with horsemen, and with many ships; and he shall enter into the countries, and shall overflow and pass over."

The Time of the End

Here we find the king of the south and the king of the north engaging a third power, and the time when it should occur is given—"the time of the end." "The time of the end" is definitely fixed in Daniel 12: 4:

"But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

This could not refer to 500 A. D., when transportation by water was only by sail or by oar, and transportation by land only by the muscular power of man or beast, the same as when the prophecy was written—one thousand years before. We look in vain for any marked change a thousand years later, in 1500 A. D. But we live now in a new world of transportation and communication, which had its practical beginning in the closing years of the eighteenth and early years of the nineteenth century. Watt took out his first patent in 1769, and from that date we count the age of steam power. Then one marvel quickly followed another,—Stephenson with the locomotive, Fulton with the steamboat, Franklin with the electric spark, Morse with the telegraph, Field with the ocean cable, Edison with the phonograph, Marconi with the wireless, Wright brothers with the flying machine, and at last the radio. Since 1769 there have been a multitude of inventors and inventions, resulting in the fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

Napoleon and Nelson in Egypt

At the beginning of this wonderful age of invention, in 1798, Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Egypt, where the king of the south—Egypt under the Mamelukes—pushed feebly at him and met his defeat in the battle of the Pyramids. The French fleet was destroyed by Lord Nelson in the battle of the Nile in 1798. Then Napoleon marched his army from Egypt into Palestine to take Constantinople, which he considered the key of world dominion. The Turks met him at St. Jean d'Acre. England rushed her ships, under Sir Sidney Smith, with help from the Turks, and Napoleon was defeated.

Is there anything in the context which would establish France as the "him" of Daniel 11: 40, against whom the king of the south pushes, and whom the king of the north conquers with many horsemen and ships? We answer emphatically, Yes. Notice:

"And the king shall do according to his will; and he shall exalt himself, and magnify himself above every god, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of gods, and shall prosper till the indignation be accomplished; for that that is determined shall be done. Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, nor the desire of women, nor regard any god; for he shall magnify himself above all. But in his estate shall he honour the god of forces: and a god whom his fathers knew not shall he honour with gold, and silver, and with

precious stones, and pleasant things. Thus shall he do in the most strong holds, with a strange god, whom he shall acknowledge and increase with glory: and he shall cause them to rule over many, and shall divide the land for gain." Verses 36-39.

It is difficult to imagine language better fitted to picture more truthfully, in few words, France during the revolution and under Napoleon. Note the prophecy, and compare with history. "Neither shall he regard the God of his fathers:" The revolution turned churches into theatres, and abolished all exercises of re-

Then follows the prophecy of a three-cornered contest. When France sent her armies into Egypt, the king of the south (Egypt) pushed at him. Then the king of the north (Turkey) came like a whirlwind, with horsemen and ships, by land and sea. Helped by the ships of Britain, the Turk, whose capital was in the northern division of the old Alexandrian kingdom, defeated Napoleon on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean.

We ask, Could there possibly be a more plain



Hall of the Thousand and One Columns, Constantinople

ligion. "Nor regard any god:" During the revolution an open profession of atheism was made by the National Convention. "Nor the desire of women:" The revolution abolished the marriage ceremony. "Honour the god of forces:" France, with Bonaparte in the saddle, depended entirely on her military forces to achieve world conquest. "Divide the land for gain:" The revolution confiscated the lands of the nobility, exiling the owners, and from the sale, we are told by the historian, the government gained an immense revenue.

foretelling of certain specific events of the French Revolution, from its denial of God to the defeat by land and sea of Napoleon's attempt to take Constantinople?

The Turk in Palestine

From verse 40 to the end of the chapter, the prophecy deals with the king of the north, who, with horsemen and ships, defeated the power which no longer worshipped the "God of his fathers."

"He shall enter also into the glorious land, and many

countries shall be overthrown: but these shall escape out of his hand, even Edom, and Moab, and the chief of the children of Ammon. He shall stretch forth his hand also upon the countries: and the land of Egypt shall not escape. But he shall have power over the treasures of gold and of silver, and over all the precious things of Egypt: and the Libyans and the Ethiopians shall be at his steps." Verses 42, 43.

The Turk possessed "the glorious land"—Palestine. The descendants of Edom, Moab, and Ammon, the Arabians, and wild Bedouins of the desert, have always been quite independent of the sultan of Turkey, sometimes rendering a nominal allegiance, and sometimes not, as occasion might serve.

The land of Egypt, the king of the south, did not escape the taxing power of the Turk. For many years the gold and silver of Egypt flowed in a constant stream of taxes to Constantinople, even though England exercised an overlordship in Egyptian affairs. No sooner had Turkey entered the World War, than the public press announced that the Libyans were hastening to its aid.

Notice the details of the prophecy and their fulfilment. The king of the north should enter and occupy Palestine. The Arabians would maintain independence. Egypt should yield its gold and silver and precious treasure. Libyans and Ethiopians should be allies. Every item finds its fulfilment in Turkey.

Verse 44:

"But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him: therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many."

Does this fit? Russia, as already noted, has fulfilled this, and in its fulfilment has always used the Armenian people inhabiting the eastern portions of Asiatic Turkey, along the Persian border, as a buffer. The Armenians, persecuted by the Turk, always hoping for deliverance at the hand of Russia, oftentimes encouraged Russian designs, tidings of which would reach Constantinople, resulting in the Turk's going forth in great fury, to utterly destroy and make away many, until the evidence is before the world that the utter extermination of the Armenian people has been the deliberate policy of the Turk.

None Shall Help Him

The last verse of the prophecy is the only unfulfilled part:

"And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." Verse 45.

When some power seizes Constantinople, be it Russia, the Balkan States, England, or

France, or all combined, where will the Turk go? The prophetic answer is plain. "The glorious holy mountain between the seas" can apply to only one place, Mount Zion, Jerusalem, situated between the northern extremity of the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean.

Though, according to the prophecy, he will succeed in planting his capital in Jerusalem, it will mean his end in the titanic struggle of the nations,—Armageddon,—which thoughtful people the world around now fear.

This coming conflict is brought to view in the verse of Scripture following the prophecy of the Turk's removal of his capital (Dan. 12:1):

"And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great Prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book."

In view of the imminence of these events, toward which the world is rushing at express speed, the most important consideration for any man or woman is whether or no his or her name is written in the book.

A most interesting question in this connection must be, "Is it near?" The chronology of the prophecy already fulfilled will furnish an approximate answer. One hundred and twenty-five years to date, cover all the events predicted in verses 40-44.

In view of the brief period of time consumed in the fulfilment of the major part of this prophecy, the unsettled condition of the Near East and of all Europe, with the Turk already on the point of expulsion from his capital several times, we must conclude that the event is not far away. And closely linked with the expulsion of the Turk from Europe are events of the greatest importance to mankind,—the standing up of Michael (Christ), the time of trouble, and the deliverance of all the righteous.

Oshawa, Ont.



How can you take the greatest possible advantage with the least possible strain? By cultivating system. I say "cultivating" advisedly, since some of you will find the acquisition of systematic habits very hard. There are minds congenitally systematic; others have a lifelong fight against an inherited tendency to diffusiveness and carelessness in work. A few brilliant fellows have to dispense with it altogether, but they are a burden to their brethren and a sore trial to their intimates.—*Dr. William Osler.*

Origin of Sunday Observance



Delegates of Canadian Authors' Association, in Ottawa, in 1922

EVERY name has a meaning and also a source from which that meaning comes. That branch of knowledge dealing with the origin of words is called etymology; *i.e.*, "the investigation of the derivation and original signification of words: the science that treats of the origin and history of words."

Every word has a meaning. For example, the word "automobile" means self-moving, and comes from the two root words *autos*—self, and *mobilis*—that can be moved or excited. Automobile means, then, a self-moving vehicle, or motor-car—a carriage that has power within itself to move.

In this article the writer will give authentic quotations from standard works and reliable quotations from recognized historians, showing the meaning of the word "Sunday," the source from which it came, and some of its history.

Surely, when we learn where this institution comes from, how it was adopted and transferred into the Christian church, it will be hard for us to believe that God would exchange the day He set apart, blessed, and made holy at creation, as a memorial of Himself and His created works, for a day dedicated to the sun by idolatrous heathen who anciently worshipped that luminous body.

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The word "Sunday" has a meaning and also a source from which that meaning is derived. It comes from the root words *dies*—day, and *solis*—sun, and means "DAY OF THE SUN." Chambers' Pronouncing, Explanatory, Etymological, Illustrated Twentieth Century Dictionary gives the following meaning to the word "Sunday:"

"The first day of the week, so called because anciently dedicated to the sun or its worship."

Webster's definition is:

"Sunday: . . . so called because this day was anciently dedicated to the sun or to its worship."

The *North British Review* thus speaks of it:

Sunday: "The wild solar [pertaining to the sun] holiday of all pagan times."—*Volume XVIII*, p. 409.

It will be clearly seen from these plain statements from standard works, that Sunday was a religious institution long before the Son of God walked among men in the lowly garb of humanity, and that Sunday was dedicated to the heathen worship of the sun. Further:

"It is not to be denied but we borrow the name of this day from the ancient Greeks and Romans, and we allow that the old Egyptians worshipped the sun, and, as a standing memorial of their veneration, dedicated this day to him."—*Dr. Morer*, in "Dialogues on the Lord's Day," pp. 22, 23.

"The Gentiles were an idolatrous people, who worshipped the sun, and Sunday was their most sacred day."—*Rev. Wm. Frederick*, in "Three Prophetic Days," p. 169.

"Of course, I quite well know that Sunday did come into use in early Christian history as a religious day, as we learn from the Christian Fathers and other sources. But what a pity that it comes branded with the mark of paganism, and christened with the name of the sun god, when adopted and sanctioned by the papal apostasy, and bequeathed as a sacred legacy to Protestantism!"—*From a paper read by Rev. E. T. Hiscox, D.D.*, author of the *Baptist Manual*, at a *New York Ministers' Conference*, held Nov. 13, 1893.

From these reliable, authentic statements it is again clearly evident that Sunday is the day that was dedicated to the sun and to its worship.

How Sunday Was Transferred into the Christian Church

"This [pagan] emperor [Constantine], influenced perhaps by his mother's early teaching, favoured Chris-

in the Christian Church *Joseph Capman*

tianity. . . . Without depressing paganism, he raised the new creed to the level of the old. . . . The Christian clergy were freed from taxes. Sunday was proclaimed a day of rest."—*Great Events of History*, by Collier, p. 28.

"He issued edicts full of unlimited toleration, and the day on which the Christians were wont to assemble was declared sacred. But this order for the observance of the Christian Sabbath [Saturday, the seventh day of the week] was by no means a recognition of the sanctity of the day as a Christian institution; it was the 'sun's day' that was to be observed with reverence; the courts were to be closed, and all townspeople and tradesmen were to cease from labour. The Christians were permitted to worship undisturbed, . . . and the worshipper of the sun could acquiesce [rest] without scruple in the observance of the first day of the week as a sacred day."—*History of Christianity to the Time of Constantine*, by Rev. F. D. Huntington, D.D., p. 142.

It is very plain from these historical facts that both days were kept at that time. The Christians kept the Sabbath, and the sun worshippers observed the first day of the week.

"At this time it became necessary for the church to either adopt the Gentiles' day or else have the Gentiles change their day. To change the Gentiles' day would have been an offence and a stumbling-block to them. The church could naturally reach them better by keeping their day. . . . There was no need in causing an unnecessary offence by dishonouring their day."—*Three Prophetic Days*, p. 170.

Through this compromise, Christians and pagans joining hands, the church letting down the bars, a flood of paganism flowing into the Christian church carried the church with it. The pagans were permitted to bring in their customs and idols, and this mingling of pagan customs and Christian rites became the established religion of the Roman Empire. This compromise formed the Papacy, and through the councils and decrees of bishops, prelates, and popes, Sunday became an established custom.

At the Crossing

Shall we Protestants, who believe the Bible to be the word of God, our guide and rule of faith, honour a day dedicated to the sun and its worship—a day which has no foundation in Scripture? or shall we worship the Creator, the Lord Jesus Christ, by honouring the day that He gave at creation when He made all things? Col. 1:16.

Just below the city of Chatham, where the writer was born and reared, the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific Railways cross each other at a place known as "The Diamond." But this does not change the name, nor the source, nor the destiny of either of these rail-

ways. They both proceed on their way to the terminal. Just so with the Sabbath and Sunday. Each is a separate institution. They both have their source, and although they crossed each other in the fourth century this side the crucifixion, they are still the same memorials they have always been. One is the Sabbath of God and the memorial of the Creator of all things, the only true God; the other, "branded with the mark of paganism, and christened with the name of the sun god, when adopted and sanctioned by the papal apostasy and bequeathed as a sacred legacy to Protestantism," is a memorial of ancient sun worship and a mark of apostasy. Sunday has no foundation in the Bible. We do not have any divine example or command for first-day keeping. Sunday is now what it always has been.—*"dies solis," "the day of the sun."*

Toronto, Ont.

You may read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and you will not find a single line authorizing the sanctification of Sunday. The Scriptures enforce the religious observance of Saturday, a day which we never sanctify—*Cardinal Gibbons, in "Faith of Our Fathers."*





Chief Justice Taft of the United States of America, in England, planting a tree at Sulgrave Manor, the home of George Washington's ancestors



New Engineering Building of McGill University, Montreal



The First Airplane of the New Bolshevist A

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A Charming Bit of Late Autumn Landscape on the St. John River, below Fredericton, N. B. This part of the Province is noted for its elm trees



air Line from Moscow to Konigsberg, Germany



Lord Balfour on a Tennis Court Conversing with Sir Hamer and Lady Greenwood

Have You "Taken Inventory"?

Charles L. Paddock



THE calendars that have hung on our walls for the past year have given place to new advertisements from our grocer, butcher, and baker. The 1922 desk calendar at the office has gone by the way of the wastebasket, and we are going down through January again. The diary has been filled and tucked away for future reading. These things, with others, emphasize to us that we have covered another twelve months' lap of life's journey.

Just now seems to be a psychological time to stop and tune up our machine for another lap of the race. Commercial concerns throughout the entire world are taking inventory of their stock and figuring up financial statements, to see whether the business has been a gain or a loss for the year just past; and although we sometimes hear it remarked that "business has been at a stand-still," when the books have been finally closed, every business will show either a gain or a loss. There has been no standing still in business—it has been either going forward or going backward.

What is true of commercial concerns in this respect is true of your life and mine. We have either grown larger, physically, mentally, and spiritually, or we have been shrivelling. There has been no standing still in our lives. It seems to be a law of nature that anything begins to shrink or decay when growth ceases. Take the bean, for instance; after it has matured it begins to harden. When growth stops in the ear of corn, it begins to shrink and become flint-like. The fruit of the vine begins to decay after reaching full maturity. The mighty oak of the forest begins to decay and waste away as soon as the life function has stopped. When we stop growing we become a liability to the community in which we live; we begin to shrivel up, and soon we are human parasites.

Now while commercial concerns are figuring up losses in dollars and cents, isn't it a fitting time to take an inventory of our lives, and to take a retrospective glance over 1922 to see if we find ourselves bigger and better this January than we were a year ago? The doors have closed upon the past, and we cannot, to any great degree, rectify any of its mistakes; but



by studying the road we travelled and the experiences through which we passed, we shall be better prepared to meet the hills and detours in the untravelled road of 1923.

If a commercial concern finds losses, it endeavours to find the cause and stop the leaks. If gains have been made in one department, and losses in another, more time and attention is given to the department in which the losses have appeared. That is a business man's way of doing it.

Why wouldn't the same principle hold good in our individual lives? Looking back over the year 1922, perhaps we are conscious that we have built up a good strong physique and neglected our mental and spiritual development. Perhaps we have spent long hours in study at the expense of our health. Or perhaps our whole ambition has been to get money, and we have neglected the finer qualities of our nature. Many are worshipping at the dollar shrine today, much to the detriment of their mental, spiritual, and physical natures. It may be we have been chasing too strenuously the will-o'-the-wisp of pleasure. As we look back, if we find errors, we shall wish to correct them this year, and to try to work out an all-round development in our lives.

But we shall find it difficult to correct old habits. The fact that we shall continue to write 1922 for two or three weeks in 1923 goes to prove this. If we have driven at a break-neck speed all through the year 1922, not slowing down for the curves nor heeding the "Stop, Look, and Listen" signals, we shall find it hard to slow down now that we have reached the good roads of 1923. But if we have skidded on some of the slippery temptations of 1922, shall we not put on the chains of caution as we enter the new year?

Time and again we have started out January 1 with all six cylinders working perfectly, and the engine purring happily; but before February is gone, we find a knock in our engine of good intentions, and we send in an "S O S" call to the nearest service station. More than once we have started out the first day of the year with a set of new tires, but came in on the rims before many moons had passed.

The first day of the new year generally finds us carrying around a long list of resolutions. But before we have travelled far, we find it takes more than mere resolutions to carry us through. The tourist often meets with the unexpected in life's journey. Edgar Guest has fittingly expressed this in verse:

"Over the road we're touring—now on a level way,
With never a danger near us or a trouble to mar the
day;
Then a turn, and the road grows heavy, and into the
mire we swing,
And the wind blows cold in our faces, and the rain has
a bitter sting;
Then some of us lose our courage, and some of us
blindly steer,
And some of us turn in a by-way and wait for the
road to clear."

Because of the failures of so many in carrying out their perfectly good intentions, the matter of New Year's resolutions has come to be more or less a joke. But even if we do stumble and fall a few times, breaking some of our resolutions, isn't it better to try and fail than not to try at all? I remember that on my examination papers at school I always received some credit for trying although the answers might not be strictly correct. And we all admire the person who has ideals and strives to reach them, even though he falls short.

Some have laid aside the old pipe, or thrown away the cigarettes, saying they will never smoke again. Not a few this new year will have firmly resolved in their hearts that they will never again be induced to drink intoxicating liquor. These are among the most common of New Year's resolves. And they seem to be among the hardest to keep unbroken, for some friend is almost sure to offer you a cigarette or a cigar within a few hours; and not wishing to be odd or to hurt his feelings by refusing, you smoke with him, and then you say, "There's no use of trying."

Some have resolved this new year to be more attentive to business. Others feel they have been living too strenuous a life, and must take more time for relaxation and recreation. The list of resolutions of a hundred different people would be very interesting reading.

Father feels he should be more kind and sympathetic; he is going to tell mother now and then just how much he enjoys the good meals she prepares for him and the children, and not just let that be understood by the way he devours the food. He is going to be more kind in the home, and to try to be as he used to be when he and mother were first married.

John has determined that he will write a

letter home now and then, to cheer the old folks, who have done so much for him. Yes, they know he loves them, but he is going to try to show it by being more attentive, probably making a visit home as occasion permits.

Mary notices that mother is beginning to turn grey, and she decides this New Year's to spend less time at the piano and more time in the kitchen, to drop out some of her social engagements and be a real help to the family at home. She notices that Brother Jim is getting a little wayward, and decides to be all the help that a sister should be to her brother.

And mother, one wouldn't think she could possibly make any resolutions, for to us she seems to be a paragon of all that is good. But as she looks back over another year, she says she is going to be more faithful this year in keeping the holes darned in the stockings and all the buttons sewed on, and in so many little things. And so she has her list of resolutions, too.

You probably have your own ideas as to New Year's resolutions, and you may be one who has tried and failed so many times. You may have come to the conclusion that "there's no use of trying." You may be saying, "It can't be done."

But have you stopped to think that no one ever did anything worth while without resolve and determination? Space will not permit a long list of examples; but as you contemplate the achievements of mankind, you will find successful men and women to be those who determined to accomplish a certain thing,—who had a vision, and also a good stiff backbone. And as you think of this, you may change your conclusions and decide that resolutions are a good thing after all. Anyhow, it hardly seems possible that anything bad could come to us through a good resolution.

Winnipeg, Man.

Help Some One

THERE is many a heart that is aching today
For want of a kindly word spoken;
And many a soul that is perishing, too,
For the need of a friendly token.

Don't grudge them the smile that will brighten their life,
Or the clasp of your hand when 'tis needed;
Or the time may come when you sorrow in vain
For the chance you so little have heeded.

Then speak the kind words while yet there is time,
And help some one's burdens grow lighter;
It may save some poor soul from the depths of despair,
And make your own life all the brighter.

—Selected.



The Lord Has a Day

Harold M. S. Richards



HAT the Lord claims one day as particularly His, all Christians will agree. They learn this great truth from Revelation 1:10: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." As this text does not inform us which definite day is meant, we must read other scriptures to discover it. So let us, in figure, drive one stake firmly at this point, and search for another definite statement as to just which day the Lord claims as His own. This we discover in Mark 2:27, 28: "He said unto them, The Sabbath was *made* for man: . . . therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

The Lord's Day Is the Sabbath

Thus we see that the Lord's special day is identified with the Sabbath. This is stake number two, if we may continue the figure; and like the surveyor, we can now sight a straight line in the truth of the Scriptures on the Sabbath question. The prophet Isaiah, whose most sublime chapters are filled with prophecies of Jesus, helps sustain our second proposition: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on *My holy day*; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable," etc. Isa. 58:13. The day the Lord claims, is, according to these witnesses, the *Sabbath day*.

One more scripture will answer the next query, "Which day of the week does the word of God call the Sabbath?" Here we have the very highest authority, the law of the Lord as expressed in the ten commandments: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the *seventh day* is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Ex. 20:8-10. Thus we have three stakes of truth driven: First, the Lord has a day; second, that day is called by Him the Sabbath, or rest day; and third, this Sabbath is the seventh day. Therefore the Lord's own day is the seventh-day Sabbath.

We will now answer a question that naturally follows: "How did the seventh day become the day especially claimed by the Lord?"

How the Seventh Day Became the Sabbath

Recall the last half of the fourth commandment: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:11.

The active agent in this creation was Christ, who has existed with the Father from eternity: "Who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature: for by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth." Col. 1:15, 16. In Hebrews 1:2 the word of inspiration speaks of "His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds;" and again, in John 1:3 it declares: "All things were made by Him." Therefore Christ, when He made all things, made the Sabbath, for in Mark 2:27 we read, "The Sabbath was *made*." The complete record of this making of all things is found in Genesis, chapters one and two; the first three verses of the latter chapter being as follows: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from *all* His work which He had *made*. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." This was the wonderful work of God the Son (Heb. 1:8-10) as mediator of the Father in creation and redemption (1 Tim. 2:5).

The Sabbath and Sinai

Centuries later, Christ, acting still as mediator, gave the law on written tables of stone from the smoking summit of Mt. Sinai: "Thou, even Thou, art Lord alone; Thou hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, with all

their host, the earth, and all things that are therein, the seas, and all that is therein, and Thou preservest them all [compare Col. 1:15-17—"by Him all things consist"]; and the host of heaven worshippeth Thee [see last clause of Heb. 1:6]. Thou camest down also upon Mt. Sinai, and spakest with them from heaven, and gavest them right judgments, and true laws, good statutes and commandments: and madest known unto them *Thy holy Sabbath*, and commandest them precepts, statutes, and laws, by the hand of Moses Thy servant." Neh. 9:6-14.

The One who made the earth and all things, was Christ. The Sabbath was *made*; it was one of the all things, and therefore Christ was its maker. It was made, as already shown, at creation by God the Son, and centuries later publicly claimed by Him in the moral law on Mt. Sinai.

The Sabbath and Calvary

Centuries pass again, and this same holy Son of God hangs between earth and heaven on Calvary's cross, still the mediator between God and man. He suffers for the sins of the whole world. His heart of sinless purity breaks with anguish. His sacrifice for our redemption is complete. He cries with a loud voice, "It is finished," then falls asleep in the death that purchased our life, and is taken down from the cross by the tender hands of those who loved Him, and carried to Joseph's new tomb to rest from His work of redemption, on His own day, the Sabbath according to the commandment. What a day is this! The Lord Jesus Christ's own day because He made it in the beginning, placed it as a perpetual memorial in the very heart of His eternal law, and hallowed it as the rest of a finished redemption work!

The Lord, therefore, has a day. That day is the Sabbath. The Sabbath is the seventh day. The seventh day was appointed by the Creator as a memorial of creation. Christ was the Creator. Therefore, Christ made the Sabbath. The same day is the Sabbath of the

ten commandments. Christ gave the ten commandments from Mt. Sinai. Therefore, the Sabbath according to the commandment is the Sabbath of Christ. The same day was recognized by Him as the rest of His finished redemption. Therefore, the seventh day is the Christian Sabbath, and Christ is its Lord and maker, its authority and sanctifier, at creation, at Sinai, and at the cross.

Can we do less than revere the Lord's own day?

Ottawa, Ont.

"THE importance of the Sabbath as a memorial of creation is that it keeps ever present

the true reason why worship is due to God,"—because He is the Creator and we are His creatures. "The Sabbath, therefore, lies at the very foundation of divine worship; for it teaches this great truth in the most impressive manner, and no other institution does this. The true ground of divine worship, not of that on the seventh day merely, but of all worship, is found in the distinction between the Creator and His creatures. This great fact can never become

Judge Not

You say you think the man has gone wrong—
That his actions bear you out,
But if you're not sure, better give to him
The benefit of the doubt.

And even supposing it's true, are you
So full of the spirit of grace
That you should take it upon yourself
To harshly condemn his case?

Are you so positive you're without sin,
That you've the right to throw stones?
For sin is something hard to define
And comes in all shades and tones.

In the pages of an old, old Book,
With wise admonitions fraught,
Is one we'd do well to bear in mind:
The simple command, "Judge not."

—*Ida M. Thomas, in Christian Guardian.*

obsolete, and must never be forgotten." It was to keep this truth ever before the minds of men, that God instituted the Sabbath in Eden; and so long as the fact that He is our Creator continues to be a reason why we should worship Him, so long the Sabbath will continue as its sign and memorial. Had the Sabbath been universally kept, man's thoughts and affections would have been led to the Creator as the object of reverence and worship, and there would never have been an idolater, an atheist, or an infidel. The keeping of the Sabbath is a sign of loyalty to the true God, "Him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." It follows that the message which commands men to worship God and keep His commandments, will especially call upon them to keep the fourth commandment.—*Mrs. E. G. White, in "The Great Controversy," pp. 437, 438.*

Successful Failure

ALFRED LEE ROWELL



GRAND old man, worn with the weary years of wandering, weighed down with the care of a stubborn and rebellious people, but still possessed of his early powers, still strong of personality, Moses went up into the mountain called Pisgah to be with his God. From one of its summits—Nebo—he could look out across the Jordan and view the land toward which he had been leading Israel. He could look, but he could not go over. From the summit of Pisgah he could also look back over the way he had come. As he looked back over his life, it must have seemed one long succession of apparent failures.

To begin with, the circumstances of his birth would not appear to be overly conducive to a successful life. When he was born he was allowed to live, against the command of the king, and it was only by a semblance of obedience that his life was preserved. Even the expedient of placing him in the river must have been an apparent failure when he was discovered by the king's daughter.

Then, after the few years at home, the prospects were not flattering for the success of the years of labour and instruction his mother had given him. What hope could there be that a boy of his age could preserve his integrity and his faith against the will and teachings of his foster-mother and his instructors?

Then came the years of training in the Egyptian court. He became popular, and was "mighty in words and in deeds." It would seem that that was an opportunity for great achievements; but he lost his temper over the oppression of his people, and by one rash act threw away whatever chance he might have had to deliver them from their galling yoke.

He was forced to leave Egypt, a fugitive



Moses and Aaron Before Pharaoh

from the malicious wrath of the king and the avenging arm of the law. All his brilliant prospects for a glorious future for himself and his people had faded into the gloom of apparent failure.

His return into Egypt—an old man of eighty years—was attended by discouraging circumstances. The attitude of the king was sufficiently unfavourable to cast the pall of failure over the undertaking. Every one of the first nine plagues failed to secure the desired result. Each one was an apparent defeat.

After the king had given his permission for Israel to leave Egypt, almost the first thing they did was to get into the place where they must choose between apparent drowning in the Red Sea and slaughter by the Egyptians.

The giving of the law on Mt. Sinai was one of the bright spots in his career; but even at that time he came down from the mount to find that the people had gone back into idolatry.

Thus must he have reviewed his life during those last few hours on the mountain—as just a series of apparent failures. He had come to the end of it all, and he had failed to attain that for which he left Egypt. The Lord had showed him the glory of the Promised Land, but had said, "Thou shalt not go in thither."

His whole life might appear to be a failure, yet the record says of him that "there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom the Lord knew face to face." Despite his failures, apparent or real, he was held worthy to stand, as a witness to the resurrection,

with Christ on the mount of transfiguration.

John the Baptist lay in the filth of the dungeon and looked back over his life. He had been zealous, he had proclaimed the coming of the Messiah. His whole life, all his work, must have appeared to be a failure. The Messiah whom he had heralded had come, but John lay in prison. He must have reasoned that if his work were a success, if the work of the Messiah himself were a success, this condition would not be. He finally reached the place where he sent the message to Christ, "Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another?" John's career came to a sad and lonely end. Apparently his life and his work availed him nothing; and yet the Lord said of him, "Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist."

Christ, on that awful night when He was betrayed, had met with an apparent failure. One of His disciples betrayed Him, one denied Him, the rest forsook Him. In the eyes of the world it must have appeared that the movement which He had inaugurated had come to an end. As He hung on the cross, He cried in the awful agony of His loneliness, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

During the years that have passed since, the church of Christ has often faced apparent defeat and failure. His faithful followers have been given to the flames, have been thrown to wild beasts, have perished by the sword, have witnessed to their faith by their life and by their death in many ways and in many lands. Yet through it all the church has come forth triumphant and glorious, an abiding evidence that the life and work and death of Christ were not a failure; an indisputable witness that they who trust in Him can know no defeat.

Today the church has come to the place where those without and within are saying that Christianity has failed. Some say it by word of mouth, some say it by their course of action. Many of the evils of the time, including the late war and the present prevalence of crime, are attributed to the failure of Christianity.

The religion of Christ is a religion of the heart. When it succeeds, it does so because men have opened the doors of their hearts and have allowed the Prince of Peace to come in. When it fails, it must do so because men have hardened their hearts against Him, and have not followed in the footsteps of Him who is leading His people on to victory. In our individual experience, Christianity succeeds or fails as we

heed its teachings and give our hearts and lives to Christ to be moulded and controlled by Him, or as we refuse or fail to do this. What is true of the individual is also true of the race. If Christianity fails in its world-wide purpose, it is because men the world over "love darkness rather than light."

And Christianity can know no defeat, no failure. The eternal principles of truth wrapped up in its teachings and its worship are as enduring as creation, as enduring as the Creator himself. If Christianity fails to do its work of grace in our hearts and lives, it is because of our failure to accept it, and it is our loss. Nominal Christianity, the religion that maintains the form of godliness but denies the power thereof, is a failure. A religion that looks to any other source for help than to the Lord of hosts, is a failure.

At this time, when there are so many conditions in the world to make it appear that Christianity has failed, we should call to mind the apparent failures of the past, and remember that to those who trust in God, there can come only victory. Let us remember, and take to ourselves, the words of the Lord to Israel at the Red Sea: "Go forward."

Loyalty to Truth

BERNARD LEDINGTON

FIGHT valiantly for truth,
Though fierce the battle be;
Hold high its standard, its blest cause
Defend thou vigorously.

Let not thy spirit flag;
Not long can last the fray;
See! Error wavers in its ranks!
Truth yet shall win the day.

If loyal to the cause
Of truth thou dost remain,
A crown of everlasting life
Thou shalt indeed obtain.

Battleford, Sask.

THE divinest ministries of each day are the things of love which God sends across our way. The half hour the busy man takes from his business to comfort a sorrow, to help a discouraged brother to start again, to lift up one who has fainted by the way, to visit a sick neighbour and minister consolation, or to give a young person needed counsel, is the half hour of the day that will shine the most brightly when the records of life are unrolled before God.—
"The Glory of the Commonplace," p. 98.

Women Smokers a Menace

Daniel H. Kress, M.D.



HE following appeared in the Washington Sunday *Post* of June 4, 1922:

"Cigarette smoke-clouds, blown by feminine mouths, curled about the head of Municipal Judge William Caffrey today as he railed at members of the Women's National Democratic Club for their fiendish devotion to the weed."

The judge attended their luncheon, intending to make a political speech, but Health Commissioner Copeland was the first speaker, and he, in the course of his remarks, said, "If woman wants to smoke, why not? Bless her soul! let her; she will anyway." Following this, the report says, "about half of the four hundred women immediately began smoking." Like a true prophet, who could not bless what God had cursed, the judge arose and said that "the smoking habit" was "a thing to be denounced." He declared that it was the people "who let them alone" (that is, let the feminine smokers alone) who were responsible for 90 per cent of the looseness that exists today.

There can be no question but that looseness among women is associated with cigarette smoking. While all cigarette-smoking women are not loose women, it is a fact that practically all loose women are cigarette smokers, and that there exists an intimate relation between the two. This every judge of any city court is forced to recognize. The health commissioner is fighting the drug evil in New York City, and has much to say about the growth of the habit and its relation to the crime wave that is sweeping over our large cities. The judge said, "Talk about the drug habit and then of cigarettes, one is as much a drug habit as the other." In this the judge was quite right. A cigarette fiend is a drug fiend. Some day this will be more fully recognized and emphasized.

Women cigarette smokers are not the women who build up the home and rear children. They are undermining the home. The proverb reads: "Every wise woman buildeth her house [home]; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." Prov. 14:1. It is the foolish women who smoke, not the wise. Nothing is doing more today to demoralize the home than cigarette smoking by women. The judge said,



"Such women would drive all the red-blooded men out of politics;" and added, "We are not afraid of women's brains; it is of their tongues." And the report reads, "The women continued smoking."

The wise man said of the virtuous woman of his day, "She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands hold the distaff." "All the women that were wise-hearted did spin," is said of the women at the time the sanctuary was built,—not with their tongues, as do these smoking feminine politicians, but with their hands. I am not opposed to women's entering politics if they want to; they should have the same privileges the men possess; but I do abhor a woman smoker. She is a curse to society. God pity any poor child born to a cigarette-

smoking woman. It is bad enough for men to smoke, but women's smoking reaches the limit of human endurance. When women smoke as do the men, the race is doomed. For years degeneracy has been deplored in France. Before the war began, not enough children by nearly fifty thousand were born annually in France to make up the losses by death. France was being depopulated. The condition was deplored by men and women of worth. But today the birth-rate in the United States is no greater than it was in France then. Cigarette smoking among women had much to do with the degeneracy in France. It is responsible for much of the degeneracy in America today.

Cigarette-smoking women are not the producers. We do not look to these to fill the vacancies made by death. They want no children. The fact is, they ought not to have any. Fortunately, nature takes away the normal instinct of motherhood. Far better not to have children born, than to have them born to women cigarette smokers. No sane man living would from choice select for a mother one who smokes cigarettes.

The counsel given by the inspired writer should be given in all the churches today: "Teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands." Titus 2:3-5. And he also advises that the women, instead of engaging in public strife, "keep silence in the churches;" if they desire information, "let them ask their husbands at home." 1 Cor. 14:34, 35.

The home is woman's kingdom. Her work particularly is to mould and fashion the future politicians, and thus purify politics. This is the only way it can ever be done.

Woman's exodus from the home into politics is a bad omen. To this time evidently the prophet referred in the words, "As for my people, children are their oppressors, and women rule over them. O my people, they which lead thee cause thee to err, and destroy the way of thy paths." Isa. 3:12. It was to such women Judge Caffrey referred when he said, "We aren't afraid of women's brains; it is of their tongues."

Simmered down, that is about all they have—not brains, but tongues; and office seekers, knowing the power of woman's vote, are afraid of their tongues, and these women know it full well.

A noted woman writer says:

"Women are going to smoke, and men will not stop them. Women have reached the point where they will not take male dictation. Seeking the ballot was the first step in their emancipation, social as well as political. Any law against smoking will not be enforced for this reason. Officials who dare to interfere with women's newly acquired freedom will not be re-elected."

It is not merely the women of the National Democratic Club who smoke; for recently, when an ordinance forbidding women's smoking in public resorts was made public in New York City, a storm of protest arose from quarters least expected. The president of the State Republican Women's Association said:

"Perhaps they will have to wipe out women altogether after a while in order to remove all temptation. The most representative and intelligent women smoke. This ordinance would make them all criminals."

Of course the most representative women have the same right to smoke that our representative men have, when it comes to rights, but for the sake of future posterity they ought to set an example worthy of imitation by representative men. There ought not to be class legislation; there ought not to exist a double standard of morals, one for men and another for women; but better far to have a double standard than to have but one, and that one man's standard.

Woman was first in transgression. She led man down. To her now is given the task of leading him up to a life of purity. In this work she should be the leader in the future as she has been in the past. Our godly, non-smoking mothers, God bless them! to them we are indebted for any good that still remains in human kind. It is to such a mother that Chauncey Depew, in his book, "My Memories of Eighty Years," refers. When he was meeting with reverses and apparent losses in early life, she would say to him:

"My son, this which you think so great a calamity is really divine discipline. The Lord hath sent it to you for your good; because of His infinite wisdom He saw that you needed it. I am absolutely certain that if you submit instead of refraining and protesting, if you will ask with faith and proper spirit for guidance and help, they both will come to you, and with greater blessing than you ever had before."

He says:

"My misfortunes, disappointments, and losses have been met and overcome by abundant proof of my mother's faith and teaching that they were the discipline of Providence for my good, and if met in that spirit and with redoubled effort to redeem the apparent tragedy, they would prove to be blessings. Such has been the case."

Such mothers the world is in need of today to shape the destiny of the race, and not of cigarette-smoking politicians.

Straightening Out Mrs. Perkins

Reuben Greene

[This is one of a series of articles on the experiences of a Canadian family. It is a true story, a chapter from life, as related to the author by Mrs. Campwell herself. A few small changes in names have been made in order to screen the identity of the principals, who might object to publicity. The whole interesting story, told in five articles in the WATCHMAN MAGAZINE, may be had in pamphlet form from the Canadian Watchman Press, Oshawa, Ont.—EDITOR.]

IF you should ask the inhabitants of a certain little Canadian village why Mr. and Mrs. Angus Campwell suddenly sold the farm upon which they had lived so long, and moved to the States, you doubtless would find them as much mystified today as they were when it all happened.

It is probable, however, that no one in the village was so astonished as the Campwells themselves, when, obeying what seemed at the time a mere impulse, they sold their home, and with their three children boarded the train for Boston. Six weeks from the day the desire to sell and move had entered Mrs. Campwell's heart, the old, familiar, loved furnishings had been disposed of, the farm had become the property of another, and they were *en route* for New England. No wonder their neighbours gasped in astonishment; and no wonder Mrs. Campwell turned to her husband as the train pulled away from the station,—their station,—and said:

"My, it doesn't seem possible, does it?"

It chanced that after considerable exploring, and after living temporarily here and there, they settled in a cozy little house within sight of the blue Atlantic, and only a few miles from that quaintest and most fascinating of New England cities, Boston. And so it happened, too, that one bright morning Mrs. Campwell was out in the front yard attending industriously to the wants of her family of flowers.

There is something about the New England sunshine that makes everybody want to plant flowers, just as there is something inexpressibly enchanting about New England's meadows and woodland that renders them unforget-

ably dear to all who have ever known them.

Mrs. Campwell possessed a disposition as warm, as gladsome, and as attractive as the bright June days of her new land. She was one of those rare fortunate individuals to whom God has given that peculiar charm of attracting folks without the least apparent effort. Already the neighbours were flocking to her home, delighted to find that Providence had sent so welcome an addition to the little colony by the sea.

It was Mrs. Van Ness who stopped on this particular morning and called cheerily:

"Good morning, Mrs. Campwell."

There are always so many things to talk over when two ladies meet on a sunny morning—the children's health, new recipes that please the men folks, plans for vacation time, "I see by the paper," and, of course, all those little intimate details of family life which provide an endless theme for discussion in rural or semi-rural communities. Mrs. Campwell, being a newcomer, was naturally interested in hearing about her neighbours; and Mrs. Van Ness,



A Home in Eastern Canada

being an old resident, was naturally full of information about her neighbours. Under such ideal conditions, conversation flowed along delightfully, so that when Mrs. Perkins passed by, the ladies were sitting on the steps, and the shade of the big maple had retreated from the flower bed to the edge of the sidewalk.

"That's Mrs. Perkins," said the old resident when the passer-by was beyond the sound of their voices. "She lives in a little brown



Henry Ford and his wife riding in "high" at Quebec. They are taking in the sights in one of the quaint old two-wheeled vehicles peculiar to the Citadel City.

bungalow two blocks down and around the corner. She's a real widow and has three children. One of them, the boy, is away at school."

Mrs. Campwell, glancing up as the Widow Perkins passed, had seen a tall, slender, dark woman, not particularly good-looking and yet attractive in a quiet, dignified way.

"I suppose she misses her boy a great deal," said Mrs. Campwell. She, too, had one boy and two girls.

"I suppose so," agreed the old resident, "but they're a funny family. The son's studying to be a preacher. You see, they're Seventh-day Advents."

"They're what?"

"Seventh-day Advents. Didn't you ever hear of them?"

"No," replied Mrs. Campwell, tapping her knee with the trowel, "I never did. What are they?"

"People that keep Saturday instead of Sunday."

"Oh, they're Jews," said Mrs. Campwell understandingly.

"No, they're not Jews," the caller contradicted emphatically. "They're no more Jews than we are, but they go to church on Saturday just as we do on Sunday. They won't do anything on Saturday—won't even buy anything until the sun sets Saturday night."

Mrs. Campwell laughed. "Well, that's the funniest thing I ever heard," she said. "Here we are in the twentieth century of the Christian era, and this poor woman still thinks she ought to go to church on Saturday. Why, she looks intelligent enough too."

"They say there's always one queer family in every community," Mrs. Van Ness remarked resignedly, as she arose to go; "I guess she's ours all right."

"Have you ever talked to her about this Saturday matter?"

Mrs. Van Ness seemed rather startled at the suggestion.

"Why, no," she replied. "Religion is something most folks don't care to talk about."

Mrs. Campwell brushed a wayward lock out of her eyes, and fastened it securely behind her ear, as she declared positively, "Well, I'm going up there and straighten her out. She's too

nice an appearing woman to be deceived by such foolishness as that."

"You've got more courage than I have," the old resident said, with a smile. "If you can change her views, you'll please everybody in the community. Well, come and see me, won't you? Good-bye."

And Mrs. Campwell was alone again with her flowers and her thoughts—some very, very new thoughts, by the way.

The Visit

True to her word, one golden afternoon a few days later, Mrs. Campwell mounted the steps in front of the Perkins bungalow. Some of her courage had ebbed during the short walk from her home. After all, a person has a right to believe and worship as he chooses, and many persons resent any attempt to change their views. Suppose this woman should take offence and order her out? For just a moment she stood irresolute on the veranda, and then, fortified by the conviction that she was acting

for the best, stepped forward and pressed the bell.

The gracious manner in which Mrs. Perkins greeted her visitor was reassuring.

"I am ashamed to think I haven't called on you yet," she confessed, as she directed her neighbour to a chair. "I am so glad you ignored my lack of courtesy, and came to see me anyway."

"We never stand much on ceremony in the little Canadian town from which I came," returned Mrs. Campwell. "We just go when the spirit moves."

Mrs. Perkins nodded. "I like that way of doing things," she said, "it is so real."

As they chatted on a bit aimlessly, the caller found opportunity to study both her hostess and her surroundings. The home was comfortably and substantially furnished, with no attempt at display. Books and papers here and there added a certain studious atmosphere to the rooms. The mistress of the home seemed more attractive on a closer scrutiny. She appeared to be about forty years of age. Her hair was dark, with an occasional grey thread running through it. Her eyes, equally dark, were thoughtful and sober. There was an air of conscious strength, of controlled strength, about her that appealed strangely to the sunny disposition of the other woman. The visitor found herself wondering how a woman, seemingly so well-educated and intelligent, could have become so greatly deceived. But deceived she certainly was, and so after they had talked of commonplace things for a while, Mrs. Campwell steadied herself a moment and then remarked lightly:

"I believe you are a Seventh-day Advent, Mrs. Perkins."

"Yes," was the immediate reply, with no trace of embarrassment, "I am a Seventh-day Adventist."

"Isn't that strange! I never heard of them until I came here." The caller was speaking a little faster than was her custom. Her hostess smiled encouragingly.

"It is not to be wondered at. We are a small sect, comparatively, and not very numerous in Canada."

Mrs. Campwell took another long step forward. "But why do you keep Saturday for Sunday?" she asked.

The other woman smiled again, and Mrs. Campwell was a bit relieved to see how friendly the smile was. "I don't," she replied. Then seeing the puzzled look on the other's face,

she quickly added: "I keep the seventh day as the Sabbath, according to the commandment of God."

"But bless your heart, dear,"—the pet word slipped out in that charming way which made everybody love her,—"don't you know that Jesus changed the day when He rose from the dead, and that He commanded us to keep the first day holy?"

"No, I didn't know it," replied the other slowly. "Is that so?"

"Yes, indeed. That's the reason everybody keeps Sunday, except the Jews, who do not believe in Christ. You mustn't keep that old seventh day any longer, dear."

(To be continued in the February magazine)

The Value of Discipline

ONE of the great men before the public eye today is Hon. Charles Evans Hughes, United States secretary of state. In a paper read before the National Educational Association at Boston recently, Mr. Hughes made the following statement:

"As I look back upon my experience I find that the best lessons of my life were the hardest. It is the severe exercise, the overcoming of real obstacles, that count. My mother's insistence on the daily exercises in mental arithmetic has been worth more to me than all the delightful dailings with intellectual pleasures I have ever had."

Mr. Hughes is certainly right. The youth of today are being brought up in too great a tenderness. A father says he has seen the rough side of life, and he is determined that his children shall not pass through what he has experienced. Here is where he makes his mistake. We learn some of our best lessons in the school of hard knocks. Discipline makes the father a successful man, but he goes forth to make his children weaklings by all sorts of indulgences and amusements. Hardship is a tonic and a spur. It strengthens purpose and stimulates endeavour. The lad who masters difficulties will also master himself. Mr. Hughes is correct when he says: "Life is not a pastime, and democracy is not a summer excursion. It needs men trained to think, whose mental muscles are hard with toil and who know how to analyze and discriminate." — *H. W. Crews, in Onward.*

"If you want to be cheerful and happy, do something for somebody else."

"Finish" or "Quit"?

"I'm going to quit. I would never have gone into this if I had known it was such tough work." And Clarence mopped his perspiring brow and flung himself down in the shade with an air of disgust.

"I intend to stick to it and finish it, now that I'm in it. Anyhow, the work gets smaller all the time," said Tom, as he tackled another long row of corn that was badly in need of hoeing.

Tom stuck to his work and finished, while Clarence rested and watched him awhile, then sauntered home and announced to his mother that he wasn't going to let Farmer Holmes put off any such work on him as getting that corn in shape. Let Tom do it, if he liked to.

So Clarence rested and idled away the rest of the afternoon and Tom finished the work, received his pay, and went home at supper time with the coins in his pocket, satisfied over a piece of work accomplished.

There are two words in our language that have not even a nodding acquaintance with each other. They are "finish" and "quit." They have nothing in common, and would never become congenial friends if they were close neighbours. For one has behind it the sturdy spirit of determination that has accomplished all the worth-while things; the other is the incarnation of all the failures.

Clarence chose "quit" as his watchword. Tom chose "finish." Which are you choosing day by day, as work and problems come to you?—*Ruby Skelton, in Young People's Weekly.*

"I Didn't See It"

"Did you see that? Of all the rudeness and selfishness!"—Beth's voice was tense with indignation. Anne looked about her blankly. "That young man pushed in front of those old ladies in the line at the ticket window," Beth explained scornfully.

"No, I didn't see it," Anne said serenely. "I was looking at that pretty girl over there, helping the old gentleman keep track of his hand bag and umbrella and ticket and eyeglasses," with a soft little laugh of amused sympathy.

That was like Anne. She saw the nice things wherever she went,—the funny little happenings, the kindly deeds, the friendly smiles. She didn't see, or she calmly ignored, the ugly, fretting things, the thoughtless things or self-

ish things, the scowls and the unpleasant things. A journey for her was a gathering up of pleasant memories.

Let's all try her way, in travelling along the road of life. There are good things and bad to see and hear. If the bad are things that we cannot right, that duty does not demand our attention to them—let's not see them. Let's look for the good, the sweet, the beautiful, in all things and all people. Let's fill our hearts with the fragrance of good deeds, the inspiration of things worth imitating. It is a lot more helpful than seeing the ugly side that our seeing cannot remedy. It will make us love our fellows more. It will make us more lovable to them. It will lift us to a higher plane of living; and it will help us to inspire in others greater ideals, greater efforts toward the things good to see.—*Onward.*

Suggestions to Aid the Housewife

WHEN mashing potatoes, add salt and mash as usual, then add one-half cup of thick sour cream, and beat until light. They will have a rich, delicious taste.

To keep your stove looking well, rub over with a cloth moistened with vaseline.

If house ferns are set in a pan of hot water once a week and well steamed, new shoots will soon appear.

For cleaning silver and glass, applying polish to faucets, stoves, etc., keep one or more tooth-brushes handy.

Use left-over velvet in covering coat hangers. The garments will never slip from coat hangers covered in this manner.

Use scissors for cutting marshmallows in pieces. Dip the blades of the scissors in cold water, and the marshmallows will not stick.

To clean white felt hats and make them look like new, take the soft inner part of a stale loaf of white bread and rub all over the hat. It does the work perfectly and takes very little time.

If linoleum is varnished twice a year, it will keep as good as new for years.

Save old felt hats, and cut in squares to use when lifting hot utensils from the stove.—*The Washington Herald.*

SHOW me the man who never made a mistake, and I will show you the man who never accomplished anything.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

SEEN THROUGH OTHERS' EYES

For every worry under the sun
There's either a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, try to find it;
If there is none, never mind it.

—Selected.

Recreations

HE that spends his time in sports and calls it recreation, is like him whose garment is all made of fringes and his meat nothing but sauces. Such people are healthless, chargeable, and useless.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

A World of Barbarians

A VAST change has come over the history of the world. In the fourth century of our era civilization and barbarism fought with arms that were almost identical. Today this is no longer the case. Barbarism is almost defenceless as opposed to civilization. The valour and impetus of the barbarians are impotent against our weapons.

But are we more secure on that account? Are we correct in holding that all barbarians live under tents? How do we define barbarism and civilization?

We call an epoch barbarian when force and matter dominate, unbridled, when neither one nor the other is regulated and limited by law, by equity, by charity, by urbanity, by beauty, and by culture.

We term a man a barbarian according to the measure in which he prefers the violent empire of force and passion to the disciplined reign of equity and reason, the heavy yoke of matter rather than the free sovereignty of the spirit. Upon this point, at least theoretically, we are all agreed. No other definition of barbarism and civilization exists.

Well, then, the barbarians are within the very heart of Western civilization. They can be found everywhere: In the academies and in the government; in the universities and in the workshops; among the people and among the great; among the rich and the poor; among the learned and the ignorant. Verily each of us has a dual personality, civilized in part and in part barbarian. The civilized man is ever at war with the barbarian in every conscience,

as once on the borders of the Roman Empire.

We are barbarians when we regard mass, weight, and numbers as the measure of merit and excellence. We are barbarians when we admire a building because it is massive, showy; a church because it is resplendent with gold and precious marbles; a dress or piece of furniture because it is expensive; a people and a man because they are rich and powerful.

We are barbarians when we eat, drink, and smoke to excess. We are barbarians when we dissipate wealth solely to show that we possess it and to dazzle our neighbours. We are barbarians when we give to the beauty of woman only the same admiration as to the sparkle of the diamonds that glitter in her hair or on her bosom. We are barbarians when we let ourselves be hebetated by mechanical brutality and the frenzied fury of our times.

We are barbarians when we cast away the greatest treasure God has bestowed on us—our intelligence—to fuse it into matter and render it destructively intelligent and potent, when we are proud to serve as accessories to machines that every day become more intelligent while we grow more stupid.

We are barbarians when, grown proud and ferocious from the power and destructive intelligence of matter which we have called into being while abdicating our spiritual sovereignty, we desire to be kings of the universe, whom no power, natural or divine, has a right to resist.

We are barbarians when we hold that our mechanical inventions and our chemical discoveries can expiate all our failings, our errors, our follies. We are barbarians when we hold that steam, electricity, X-rays, wireless telegraphy, radium, the crucibles of the chemist, the initiative of commerce, the audacities of industries, the marvels of agriculture, can compass the second salvation of the human race, redeem the world anew as it was redeemed by the blood of Christ and the words of the apostles, when we hold that these can uproot all evil passions and inaugurate the reign of peace and wisdom.

Oftentimes the inside barbarians are much more dangerous than those who erupt from without. These last present themselves openly as enemies, can be seen, counted, and resisted.

by force. But the barbarians within, how can we recognize them in the immense hurlyburly of modern civilization, when they themselves do not know that they are barbarians nor others recognize them as such; when not infrequently the most dangerous barbarians are admired as champions and defenders of civilization?

This is the great peril that continuously menaces us on the giddy heights of our power. Confusing many barbarian excesses and vices, on which a new modern misleading dress has been bestowed, as signs of progress, Western civilization too frequently thoughtlessly trusts for its security and salvation to destruction and death.

Consider all the weapons it owns—the floating fortresses of steel that infest the seas; the cannons, wide-mouthed as an abyss; the machine guns that spray forth death in minute, incessant, invisible drops; the falcons of metal that fly over mankind and rain down lightnings; all the many millions of bayonets that glitter in the sunshine. . . .

We put our trust in all these instruments of war in the hope of keeping at a distance the people whom, rightly or wrongly, we consider barbarians. We live behind these barriers of iron and fire erected by our genius, feeling assured we shall not see any irruptions of Mongolians such as ravaged a large portion of Europe in the Middle Ages. But whence was derived that tempest of violence which for seven years devastated Europe, if not from these very instruments of war which were to furnish the bulwarks of our safety?

Western civilization lies prostrate, gasping, crushed by the inordinate weight of the weapons wherewith it has clothed itself.

The weapons which were to defend us from the barbarians are turned against ourselves. They are the barbarians of our times—barbarians of iron and steel, kindled by fire which we ourselves have created and against which we are powerless, as the Roman Empire was against the Alamanni and the Goths.

That lethal intelligence which we have awakened in matter by our pride and ambition, which we admired as our greatest achievement, has annihilated us. This is the enemy of Western civilization, more implacable than the hordes of barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire. Nor would we save ourselves from these new barbarians by means of iron or gold, of that gold that Rome threw in handfuls ever and again to the barbarians to check their as-

saults. No, we shall not annihilate or disperse the internal barbarians, visible or invisible, who menace us, if we do not recognize anew the primacy of reason over violence, of spirit over matter.—*Guglielmo Ferrero, foremost of modern historians, in Hearst's Magazine, March, 1922.*

High Finance at Genoa

A FRIEND who was in Berlin recently, tells me that this well-invented story is making the round of Berlin:

It was the last day at Genoa, and the leaders of the British, French, Austrian, and Russian delegations were having supper together. When the head waiter brought the bills, Mr. Lloyd George took a sovereign out of his waistcoat pocket and put it on the table. The waiter bowed respectfully.

M. Barthou followed with a fifty-franc note. The waiter's bow was not quite so respectful. Then Schober the Austrian, took out of his pocket-book a strange document covered with signatures and stamps.

"Is that a cheque?" asked the waiter rather haughtily.

"No," said Schober. "It's a bill of carriage. A wagon full of kronen is at the station."

The waiter turned to Tchitcherin, who nonchalantly threw a little parcel on the table. It gave a metallic chink.

"Some church jewels, I suppose?" murmured the waiter.

"Not exactly," said Tchitcherin; "just a stereotype plate for thousand-rouble notes. Print as many as you like;" and, with a sublime sweep of the hand, he left the table.—*Beachcomber, in the Daily Express.*

MR. PAGE, American ambassador to Britain, became an ardent admirer of the English after living with them for a while, and in one of his letters he paid them the following tribute: "The English were slow in getting into full action, but now they never miss a trick, little or big. The Germans have far more than their match in resources and in shrewdness—and in character. As the bloody drama unfolds itself, the hollow pretence and essential barbarity of Prussian militarism becomes plainer and plainer; there is no doubt of that. And so does the invincibility of this race. . . . It isn't an accident that these people own a fifth of the world. Utterly unwarlike, they outlast anybody else when war comes."—*Selected.*

NEWS NOTES

—Ex-Premier Clemenceau of France was at one time a librarian in New York City.

—The average woman of means in Burma wears about fifty pounds of brass jewelry.

—A twelve-year-old girl of Salem, Oregon, recently climbed Mt. Rainier. She is the youngest person on record as having reached the summit of the mountain.

—During the nineteen months that the United States was at war, 91,000 persons were killed on its highways—almost twice the number of Americans who were killed in battle or who died of wounds.

—Short skirts, short sleeves, low necks, and high heels in feminine apparel have caused several Swiss insurance companies, which insure against illness, to raise their premiums 15 per cent for women.

—In Manheim, Pennsylvania, there is a church known as the Red Rose Church. It is leased to the community on the annual payment of one "red rose" to the family of William Henry Speigel by each member of the church's congregation.

—A road a quarter of a mile long laid down in the shape of a race track, at Pittsburg, California, is constructed of thirteen sections, each section of a different type of concrete pavement. Forty motor trucks travel continuously over its surface. The problem is to find out which type will last the longest. It is hoped that the information obtained will more than offset the cost of the experiment.

—Tonga, a little kingdom of one hundred isles, is the one remaining independent state in the Pacific; though under British protection, it still flies its own flag. It is a limited monarchy, and the British consul is the real power. There is no poverty or wealth in Tonga, as the tribal system is altogether opposed to any member of the tribes accumulating property. Tonga is said to be the only country in the world without a national debt. Every one of the 20,000 adults in the kingdom can read and write his own language.

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—The waters of the river Jordan in Palestine are to be developed into power to turn the wheels of new industry. The British Government has granted a concession for the utilization of the river for seventy years. The energy obtained will be used for house and street lighting, pumping, water supply, railways, and many other purposes.



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Interesting Facts About Canada

(The following information was gleaned from "5,000 Facts About Canada,"
edition of 1922)

CANADA is larger in area than the United States, including Alaska, by 111,992 square miles.

Canada has the world's richest nickel and asbestos mines.

Canada has the most extensive sea fisheries in the world.

Canada has one of the largest gold mines in the world—the Hollinger.

Canada has the largest pulp mill of its kind in the world, at Chicoutimi, Quebec.

Canada is the second largest producer of pulp and paper products in the world.

Canada has the largest buffalo herd (more than 5,000) and the largest elk herd (6,000 to 8,000) in the world.

Canada has 3,296 Esquimaux.

Canada has one third the area of the British Empire and is as large as 30 United Kingdoms and 18 Germanys; twice the size of British India; almost as large as Europe; 18 times the size of France; 33 times the size of Italy.

There were 22 universities in Canada in 1919.

In Canada, the Bible is issued in whole or in part in more than one hundred languages and dialects.

The Indian population of Canada is 105,998, the people living on 1,625 reserves. More than 4,000 enlisted in the war out of 15,000 of military age.

Canadians enlisted in the war, 590,572: of this number 80 per cent enlisted voluntarily, and 418,052 went overseas. Casualties, 215,184: killed in action and died of wounds, 56,763; died from other causes, 4,960; wounded, 149,732; prisoners of war, 3,729.

Canada's land area (exclusive of territories and Yukon and excluding swamp lands and forests) is 1,401,100,000 acres. Thirty-one per cent, or 440,000,000 acres, is fit for cultivation. Only 110,000,000 acres are occupied, with less than 15 per cent under cultivation.